Yet do not suddenly, for it may greeve him.
Sal. A kinder Gentleman treades not the earth,
I saw *Bassanio* and *Anthonio* part,
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his returne: he answered, do not so,
Slumber not businesse for my sake *Bassanio*,
But stay the very riping of the time,
And for the Iewes bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde of love:
Be merry, and imploy your chiefest thoughts
To Courtship, and such faire ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there,
And even there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung *Bassanio's* hand, and so they parted.
Sol. I thinke he onely loves the world for him,
I pray thee let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heavinesse
With some delight or other.
Sal. Do we so. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Nerrissa* and a Servitor.
Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter *Arragon*, his traine and *Portia*.
Por. Behold, there stand the Caskets noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am containd,
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
But if you faile, without more speech my Lord
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Arra. I am enioynd by oath to observe three things,
First, never to unfold to any one
Which Casket twas I chose; next, if I faile
Of the right Casket, never in my life
To wooe a maide in way of marriage:

Lastly,

Lastly, if I do faile in fortune
Immediately to leave you, and
Por. To these injunctions
That comes to hazard for my
Arr. And so have I addre
To my hearts hope: gold, silv
Who chooseth me, must give an
You shall looke fairer ere I gi
What sayes the golden chest,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine wh
What many men desire, that
By the foole multitude that
Not learning more then the f
Which pries not to th'inherit
Builds in the weather on the
Even in the force and rode of
I will not choose what many
Because I will not jumpe wit
And ranke me with the Barba
Why then to thee thou silver
Tell me once more what title
Who chooseth me shall get as m
And well said to; for who sha
To couzen Fortune, and be ho
Without the stamp of merit,
To weare an undeserved dign
O that estates, degrees, and of
Were not deriv'd corruptly, a
Were purchast by the merit
How many then should cove
How many be commanded t
How much low peasantry wo
From the true seed of honour
Pickt from the chaffe and ruin
To be new varnisht; well, but
Who chooseth me shall get as m
I will assume desert; give me
And instantly unlocke my for

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH